SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Sea of Ice.

BY CATHARINE A. WATERMAN.

Night her dusky wing was spreading
O'er the ocean's tempest blue,
But no meteor was softly shedding
Its pale light of mercy true.

Like a troubled infant sleeping
Calmly on its mother's knee
While her heart is with tempest keeping,
Lay the vessel on the sea.

Like a voice of solemn warning,
Sounding o'er the midnight deep,
Rattling breezes madly sailing,
Wilder'd the waters from their sleep.

Loudly on the heaving billow
In the elemental shock,
Struggling with an unseen pillow,
Stormy winds the vessel rock.

Thro' the heavens wildly gleaming,
Flash the lurid lightnings red,
Then with thrice fearful shuddering
Brightly o'er the topmast mast.

Loud the peals of thunder sudden,
Crash, on crash tumultuous calls,
Forth the hurrying whirlwind gushes,
Down the prancing tempest falls.

Like a frighten'd steed careering,
Still the winds swept madly on,
While the ocean's mighty surges
Where the lashing billows stone.

See, her canvass loosely flying,
Useless hangs the reeking prize,
On the deck the shrieks say living
Of that lofty mast is gone.

Like a wingless bird, no longer
Chances she thro' the waters flee,
Here! 't was a noble passenger.
"Look, she steps a watery sea.

"Quick—the pumps—all hands are ready,
Cheer the sailors from the bold,
God assists he thank'd—she's steady,
Now the tempest's strength is cold."

Morning broke—and she! dismasted,
Still each steamer's bosom wave,
Mark the helmless vessel fasted
Thro' the frightful midnight storm.

THE PICKER AND PILER.

BY M. F. MILLER.

The nature of the strange incident I have to relate forbids me to record either place or time.

On one of the wildest nights in a year in which I had ever been abroad, I drove my panting horses through a storm-drift breast high, to the door of a small tavern in the western country. The host stood not unwilling at the door of my whip, inside on the outer door, and, wading before the tired animals to the barn, which was nearly inaccessible from the banks of snow, he assisted me in getting off their frozen harness, and leaving them safely for the night.

The "best room" was cheerfully, and never was fire more welcome. Room was made for me at four or five rough men who sat silent around it, and while a few monosyllables were passed between them, "I took off my furs and overcoat, and stretched my cold contracted limbs to the fire. Then, a few minutes after, a plate of salt beef was placed before me with a cake and mug of "fine" hissing from the poker, it certainly could have been hard to convince me that I could have any thing more delicious and luxurious again in Paradise.

The fare of my new companions, which I had found time to observe while the clamorous wife of their host lasted, were fully revealed by the light of a pitch-pine knot, thrown on the hearth by the host, and they proved to be of the most homely sort in mind, for the first time since I had entered the room, of my errand in that quarter of the country.

The timber-cracts which lie convenient to the corners of the west, offer to the refugee and debtor a ready description a resource from want, and in their shade, for a month or more, varied only by occasional visits from the master with a shrilling easter, and putting his nose as close to the ground as he could carry it without actually touching it, he busily went off. I observed, by the green logs lying immediately along our path, that we were following an avenue of prostrate timber which had been felled before the wind was still, and, apparently consequently as the left, we struck at once into a deep bed of a brook, and by the lifted head and slower gait of the pony, as well as my own exact respiration, I found that the hollow through which it ran contained a body of pure air nurtured by the sweetest particles of smoke, or the generous heat of the fiery currents above. The pony now picked his way leisurely along the brook-side, and while I was congratulating myself on the relief of breathing a more temperate atmosphere, I raised myself from my stooping posture in a profuse perspiration, and one by one disembarrassed myself from my protecting envelopes of fur.

I had lost sight for several minutes of the Picker and Piler, and presumed by the pony's leisurely gait, and the dark winding of the road into more sufficiently palatable, and the time of my journey, when, rounding a shelfy point of rock, we stood suddenly upon the brink of a small clearing, and the brook leaped for a few feet into a shrunken dell, and after describing a half circle on a rocky platform, resumed its course through the same declivity on its fore. This curve of the brook and the platform it enclosed lay lower than the general level of the forest, and the air seemed and within it, as I stepped from the pony's back, clear and still in the summer noon. Over one side, from the rocky wall, a rude and temporary roof of pine slabs projected a corner of smoke, or the generous heat of which, though fall grown and green, had been borne to the earth and partly uprooted by the falling arrow it of an overthrown and gigantic pine. The earth and stones had followed the uprorn mass, forming a solid upright wall from which like straggling fingers, stretching back in agony to the ground from which they had parted, a few rent and naked roots pointed into the cavity. The sequel will show why I am so particular in this description.

"When peace was declared between England and this country," said the Picker and Piler, after he had exchanged salutations with me, and listened silently to his history, "I was in command of a privateer. Not choosing to become a pirate, by continuing the cruise, I was set ashore in the Mediterranean by a crew in which I had no property was all on board, and I was left a beggar. I had one child, a daughter, whose mother died a year before.

"Having left a sufficient sum for her education in the hands of a good friend, I set off for Italy, whose rural life had pictured to my fancy for many years of her absence. I had forgotten me, and showed his trust. My daughter, then seventeen, and such as you see her here, was the drudge in the family of a stranger—ignorant and friendless. My heart turned against mankind with this last drop in a bitter cup, and, unfitted for quiet life, I took to the ocean for some channel of desperate adventure. But my daughter was the perpetual obstacle. What to do with her? She had twith me, from standing at his fullest height, with his rifle raised as if to beat the other to the earth, he suddenly resumed his stooping and quiet mien, set his rifle against the rock, and came forward with his hand out to me.

"My daughter!" he said, more in the way of explanation than introduction; and without taking particular notice of the young man whose presence seemed so unwelcome, he poured me a draught from the keg he had brought, pointed to the seat from the stump of my hotel, and threw himself at his length upon the ground.

The form and general appearance of the young man, now seated directly opposite me, was of that description for more than a single glance, and my whole attention was soon absorbed by the daughter of my unsightly host, who crossing from the platform to the brook, filled a small tin vessel with its water, though it converged in its deliberation to an indefinable resolution, was almost instantly and silently employed in her evening supper. She was slight, like her father, in form, as far as I had been able to distinguish his shadowed and prostrate one, but her head was of a perfect and graceful mould, and her features, though of the deepest brunett it, made an apology for this last choice unnecessary. He thought not of me.

"Some romantic niece," continued the Picker and Piler, in a voice hardly audible to my hearing. "I met the villain who sleeps yonder, accidentally, as I met you. He is the owner of this land. After engaging to clear and burn it, I intended him, as I do yourself, from a momentary fever for company which sometimes comes over the solitary, to go with me to the gallow I was charged. He listened to the neighborhood noise under pretext of hunting, and twice on my return from the village, I found that my daughter had seen him. Time has betrayed the wrong he inflicted on me.

The voice of the agitated father sank almost to a whisper as he pronounced the last few words, and, rising from the rock on which we were sitting, he paced for a few minutes up and down the platform in silence.

The last sentence fill up from his own imagination the drama of which this is but the outline, for the Picker and Piler was not a man to be questioned, and I can tell but what I knew on board. In the narration of his story he seemed but recapitulating the prominent events for his own self-conference, rather than venturing to tell a tale to me, and it was hurried over as briskly and briefly as I have put it down. I sat in a dreamy silence after he ceased to speak, and seemed to have unburthened his bosom sufficiently, and his lips were closed with stern compression.

"You forgot," he said, after pacing awhile, "that I offered you a place to sleep. The night wears late. Stretch yourself on that straw, with a cloak over you, and sleep."

I lay down and looked up at the smoke rolling heavily into the sky till I slept.

The words, feeling chilled, for the rock sheltered me from the rays of the fire. I stepped out from the hollow. The fires were pale with the grey of the morning, and the sky was visible through the smoke. I looked around for a place to warm myself. The hickory log had smouldered out, but a fire had been kindled under the corkscrew pine, and its patchy heart was now flowing with the steady brilliancy of a torch. I took up one of its broken branches, cracked it on my knee, and stirring up the coals below, placed the end of the fragment in the flame. It caught and set up a merry blaze, which enveloped the whole trunk.

Turning my back to the increasing heat, I started; for, creeping toward me, with a look of eagerness for which I wasnt a loss to account, came the Picker and Piler.

"Twice deceived!" he muttered between his teeth, "but not by me!"

He threw down a handful of pitch pine knots, and laid his ear against a burning tree, and with a branch of hemlock, swept off the flame from the spot where the fire was eating through, as if to see how much of the tree was divided.

I began to think him insane, for I could get no answer to my questions, and when he spoke, it was in a manner different from that in which he met me, though within a hundred rods, probably, a sleeping man would freeze to death in an hour.

I could have a better bed for the night, he said the Picker and Piler, who had approached unheard in the noise of the fires, and suddenly stood near me.

He took up his rifle, which I had laid against a prostrate log, and looked anxiously toward the descent to the host.

"If you are inclined for sleep," I answered, "and perhaps you will give me an hour of conversation here. The scene is new to me."

"I have another guest to dispose of," he answered, "and we shall be more out of the smoke in the open air."

I was not surprised, as I jumped upon the platform, to find him angrily separating his daughter and the stranger. The girl entered the hut, and with a downcast look and air, motioned the young man to a "shake down" of straw, in the remotest corner of the rocky enclosure.

"With your leave, old gentleman," said the intruder, after glancing at his intended place of repose, "I'll find a cynder or myself" Arranging up the craggy rock opposite the door of the shanty, he gathered a slight heap of brush, and throwing a few sticks upon it, set fire to them,

St. Georges, the Lord de Montalgu, Monsieur Antoine de Vargy, the Lord d'Aumee, Monsieur Guy de Pontarlier, Monsieur Guy de Lorge, and Monsieur Pierre de Gyze. In addition to these each party was to bring a secretary.

Tarragonay met and returned to the dauphin, and the whole party met and walked from the chateau to the bridge. He went on his head a cap of maintenance, and a cloak of cloth of gold furred with ermine, and a collar of gold, right richly set with precious stones, and a sword hung by his side, and he had a staff in his hand. He came to the bridge, and there he found the four knights and the four squires at the opposite extremity of the bridge, who, on perceiving they were watched by him, hastily closed the wardens of the bridge.

"Go, find the truth of this, Dr. Gyze," said he, "and tell it us when you have."

Dr Gyze accepted the charge of the lantern, passed through the bridge, and opened the door of the dauphinal house. Tarragon was within, giving instructions to a messenger.

"Is it?" said Tarragay, inquiringly.

"Are you ready?" asked de Gyze.

"Yes: he may come now," was the reply.

De Gyze returned to the duke.

"The great master's eye must have deceived him, my lord," said he; "there is no one in the house."

The duke set forward. He passed the gate, which was immediately closed behind him. They entered a room next to the hall, and, in passing, that Tarragay and the rest de Beaujeu advanced to meet him, he would not retreat. He made the customary bow to his chief, but not to the dauphin, and, pointing to his staff, in token of office and defiance, said to Beaujeu, "You see how I conduct in you; but," he continued, laying his hand on Beaujeu's shoulder, "I love you very well."

The young dauphin was already at the place of interview. He was habited in a robe of light blue velvet, guarnished with marlin, and a small straw of three-inches enriched his bonnet, the visor and edges of which were trimmed with fur.

When the duke perceived the dauphin, his doubts vanished; he wished immediately forward to meet him, but was startled to find that, contrary to usage, the bank was not separated by a partition. When his hand had entered, the gate was closed. The place was found to be so circumscribed in extent, that there was scarcely sufficient room for the meeting of the dauphin and the Burgundian and Frenchmen were soon jostled together. The duke bared his head, and knelt (upon his left knee) before the dauphin.

"I have obeyed your orders in repairing hither, my lord," said he, "although you assure me that you considered the interview as one of wound me with reproaches: I trust this is not true; to I have merited so much contempt."

"I am mistaken, my lord duke," replied the dauphin, in a stern voice, "we have much to reproach you for. You have led inefficiently against the enemies of the state, and you have to lose our city of Pontoon, which is the key of Paris; and instead of throwing yourself into the town to defend it with your life, you hastily fled to Geneva."

"Find, my lord!" exclaimed the duke, thrilling with intense excitement at this insulting look.

"You, find!" reiterated the dauphin, "yes—"

The duke rose abruptly, not deeming himself bound to listen further. As he did so, the hilt of his sword became entangled in his robe, and he unintentionally rendered it dangerous to the dauphin. The dauphin started, misapprehending the reason of his laying his hand to his sword.

"Do you intend to draw in the presence of your master?" cried Robert de Loree, throwing himself between the duke and the dauphin.

The duke strove to speak, but his voice was lost in the confusion. Tarragay stepped down and drew from behind the tapestry the battle-axe which he had in his girdle. The friends of the himself to his full height, he held the weapon over the duke's head, and exclaimed, "It is time!"

The duke, in a moment, called upon Beaujeu to divert the impending blow with his left hand, while with his right he grasped at his sword: but the attempt was futile, for his hand was bound. The axe descended severed his hand from his arm, and drew his head to the chin. He stood upright for a brief moment, like an oak that could not fall, which the feeble blow of a child has cut to his throat and left it there. The duke uttered one cry, and fell at the feet of Dr Gyze.

A dreadful scene ensued. The Frenchmen shouted "—kill!—kill!—spare not!" and the Burgundians replied—"Traitor!—treason! give the traitor!" Epochs of fury alternated from clashing weapons, and a deluge of blood flowed from the wounds they inflicted. The dauphin was speedily removed without, by the assistance of friends on the bridge; but the work of death went on within the booth, over the prostrate and expiring duke. The Dauphinese were better armed than their unsuspecting opponents, and the latter, after losing several of their number, and killing but four Frenchmen in return, escaped from the booth and fled to their companions beyond the gate.

But three individuals were now left in the bloody enclosure. These were the duke of Burgundy, prostrate and dying; Pierre de Gyze standing over him, and, with folded arms, watching his death-struggle; and Olivier Layrot, who, finished with the purge of the undertaking, permitted the last to descend to him with his sword. But Dr Gyze would not allow him to dredge his suffering, to endure a respite long prolonged to torture and to agony, and he stayed the pursuer by hinting his sword from his hand.

Layrot turned his head in astonishment, but Dr Gyze continued, sarcastically—

"Why, in heaven's name, cannot you suffer a poor priest to die in peace?"

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The priest remained by the body until midnight, when, aided by two men, he transported it to a neighboring cell, and it on a table, and continued his vigil till the morning. At night's clock the duke was interred in the church of Notre-Dame, in front of the altar of the Virgin, in a wooden shell, and his cap drawn over his face. No religious ceremony accompanied the inhumation; no prayer, tender sentiment—a single of three following days for the repose of his soul.

On the day following the assassination of the duke of Burgundy Beaujeu delivered fiefs to the State the body of Madame de Gyze.

JEALOUSY AND AUTHORITIVE MURDER.—A blacksmith, named Johnson, who recently arrested in New Hampshire, on a charge of waylaying and attempting to murder another colored man, named Charles Thompson, is now in jail. The quarrel originated in an attempt of the prisoner to accompany a black girl to her home. Disclosures were produced in Justice, and the latter hastened to the residence of the girl, armed himself with an axe, and, as she and Dickinson entered the door, Johnson aimed a blow at D. which cut through his hat and wounded his head badly, and also cut him on his shoulder. When arrested, he declared it was his intention to have killed Dickinson. He now stands over to take his trial at the county court in June next, and for want of bail now committed to prison.

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☞ The Postage upon all printed matter, and printed cards sent by publishers, must be fully paid on the family perusal.

☞ Letters on business relating to the office, must be post paid, or they will be charged double postage.

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$2 FIVE DOLLARS in advance remitted to the office, free of postage, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for three years: or for one year of the Philadelphia Casket and two of the Post for one year.

$2 SEVEN DOLLARS, in advance, will pay for two copies of the Post, and two of the Casket for one year.

$2 TEN DOLLARS, in advance, will be received for three copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

$2 THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET contains by of selected original articles, with rich engravings, and highly colored fashions. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and runs monthly, and possesses all the charms of a small series of three-inches enriched his bonnet, the visor and edges of which were trimmed with fur.

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THE PHILADELPHIA PULPIT.

Rev. Dr. S. Sherlock, Jr. D.

The Roman Catholic Church has always been distinguished for the zeal of its members and the eloquence of its divines. From the days of the first Christian Emperor, when the bishops of Rome were in her communion, have spread her doctrines, and planted her shrines, amidst nations of every clime and every variety of manners and of faith, with the same success and eagerness as in the days of the first struggles for the Holy Sepulchre, when the successful zealot returned in triumph to Augustine, a Peter the Hermit, and a Saint Bernard.

The records of the Church are more full of the latter than of the former.

The Rev. Dr. Moriarty is, perhaps, the most eloquent preacher of the Roman Catholic Church who has yet appeared in this city. Though he has unquestionably a struggle in the place he has already entered, a repetition which shall outlast the present, and carry him down to the future as one of the most distinguished of the day, he has already a sympathetic, powerful speaker, fitted in every way for the contest—and capable of rousing the passions, or alarming the judgment at will. With a fine person; an open, frank, intellectual face; a rich voice that gushes out like music; and an ease and propriety of gesture that is nearly all in fault, he never ascends the pulpit without commanding general attention, and creating that favorable opinion toward himself which is in so many cases the successful orator to success, and to which all rhetoricians have laid down as the first requisite in a popular speaker.

The great theme, however, though the first thing which strikes our attention in Dr. Moriarty, soon, however, gives way to admiration for the style in which he chooses to handle it. Without being in a declamatory turn, yet possessed of no contemptible powers for reasoning, he grasps the most difficult subjects with a powerful hand, and by choosing logic and appeal together, now convinces the understanding, now plays upon the feelings, now fondles the fancy, and now, mingling all into one consistent sentence, stirs the audience to the very soul of a prophet. The great secret of the orator is not to employ arguments alone; for it would be beneath us, if we were not aware of the fact, to see the reason guides us in our conversion. We are under the control of feeling, fancy, and passion as much as we are of reason, and the orator—he who he may—should avail himself of all alike; attack, and carry every post in the fortress; and instead of making himself master of a military outwork, leave no spot where an enemy may rally or an ambuscade lurk. How often do speakers, ignorant of this, move our passions with the strength of our judgment! How often do we give a cold assent to their arguments without feeling the least disposed to follow out their views. Dr. Moriarty avoids both of these errors, and rouses every faculty. By turns convincing, by turns delighting, by turns touching the heart, by turns concentrating with intense, fiery glance then chains, soon staggers, and finally whirls away his hearers before his impetuous eloquence. Through every part of his discourse there runs an under current of beautiful metaphor. He seconds all with gestures alike appropriate and graceful.

Like Bolingbroke, however—the great master of the declamatory style—the Rev. Dr. is somewhat given to sophistry, disguised under bold assertion. A few person, and strong elocution, when seconded by an air of easy confidence will often make the most arrant sophisms pass current with the unthinking for the time being. Hence the awakened passions toil in the deception: the hearer is carried on in bewilderment and delight; and like a swimmer in a current, ever on in the pause, the impetuous current of the tide carries him forward irresistibly upon its bosom.

Our late townsman, the Right Reverend Bishop Hughes, was remarkable as a speaker with Dr. Moriarty. Both are fine preachers both widely differ in their styles; and both are masters of their several schools. The one is more the logical, rarely indulging in tropes, and never appealing to the passions—the other is more diffuse, more florid, indeed in conveying ornament, though he can bring into play. The one is a good logician—the other a perfect adept in rhetoric. The one, the bishop, makes the best pastoral—the other is most powerful in pulpit oratory. The Right Reverend Bishop is of the school of Abelard—the Rev. Dr. emulates Quarchilian and Cicero. The one is the best theologian—the other has more the writers of his church,—the other may be equally celebrated in the less durable, but more powerful style of oratory.

The crowds at the Chapel of St. Augustine, where the Rev. Dr. is stationed, have for some months before, testified to the popularity of the preacher. While our Protestant population have been listening to the attacks of Mr. Kirk upon the Catholicism, the no less zealous members of the Roman Church have been listening to the attacks of Dr. Moriarty upon the Protestants. We praise neither. We rather condemn both. Such discussions only excite bad, indeed revolting manners. Truth lies between extremes, and she is too chaste to mingle in broils,—whether they be civil or religious. The pulpit should be used for the means of reform, and not the arena for a fierce, tumultuous theological war.

Gold S. Johnson.

The following from the Philadelphia Gazette, is well expressed and true:

"We hear from all sides, the warmest commendations expressed, with reference to the ability indeed on the part of the counsel for Mr. F. Jones, Esq. in the late Wood trial. His examinations were close, but entirely relevant, and his arguments powerful, sincerity, so displayed in the whole of the trial, while it was justified by the fulness of testimony, and aided by concurrence of the Court, was yet tender to him to regard the feelings of the accused respecting the prisoner's constitution, habits, and predisposition to insanity. He indeed that Wood had several times before been partially deranged—that he had once ordered him to be sent to Lancaster as an escaped maniac of his character—that for a week or more previous to the murder, and even before his daughter's elopement, he had betrayed symptoms of a return of the malady—that he (Dr. Meigs) met him on the Saturday preceding the fatal day in the street, was struck with his appearance, and seeing at once that his disease had returned, hesitated not to approach, but that Wood, though always being extremely courteous, suddenly turned away with a sternly look. The Doctor mentioned several other facts bearing on the subject, from all which he argued the insanity of the accused, supporting his opinion with quotations from medical writers of the first rank.

The evidence of Mr. Shivering also clearly developed the state of the prisoner's mind.

The opening speech of F. A. Brown, Esq. had also a powerful effect. Its tenor was that of sympathy for the prisoner, and in the main effort of the learned counsel to establish the hypothesis that a man—perfectly sane on every other point—may have a predisposition to commit murder—a kind of monomania—a constitutional infirmity for which morally he is not accountable. He supported his views with many of the cases quoted from the most distinguished writers on insanity. The verdict of the jury shews that his argument was not without effect.

The prisoner, under the Act of Assembly providing for such cases, will remain in the charge of the court, until they are satisfied that his monomania has ceased; and the Judges shall deem it safe for him to be released. We understand that he is at present in the Lunatic Asylum, and that it is the intention of the Court to keep him there. For the good of all, we hope they will persist in that condition.

MAGIC.—We have received several pieces of music from a friend in Reading. We believe that the ladies of that place are indebted to our brother of the Journal, for these tokens of respect and regard. We are particularly pleased with "The Merry Horn," and if the young lady to whom it is addressed favors the author with her acquaintance must be a lucky fellow.

NEW WORKS.

THE LADY'S BOOK FOR APRIL.—In usual excellence in its every style of embellishment. An engraving of the palace of "The Tuileries," and a very good picture of some of the Parisian ladies of fashion, and which is entitled "The Promenade." The literary matter is by Mrs. T. S. Hyde, and she is a beautiful poet: and Miss N. K. Walby has perhaps the finest poetical article from a lady's pen in the book. Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Sigourney, H. Reynell, Mrs. K. G. Hudson, Miss Hall, and Mrs. Sigourney.

One of the most plagiarisms, however, which we have seen for a long time is "The Tuileries" professedly by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, of London. It is an open, flagrant theft, both in words and idea, from the Interesting Mrs. Hemans. We wish we could give the two articles entire, but our space confines us to the first verses of each. Those of Mrs. C. B. Wilson are thus:

Summer, oh! summer so—
To burning starts of night!
Where shall the exile rest?
Where take his flight?
Oh! where but in the bosom of his home?
Oh! summer so!"

Compare this with the poem of Mrs. Hemans:

Summer, oh! summer so—
Where hath the spirit gone
That shall the exile rest?
Where take its flight?
It's not a breeze hath flown."

We are so much astonished that such an independent writer should have been attempted by Mrs. Wilson, as that it should have escaped the notice of the editors.

BENTLEY'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.—Prompt to the day: the periodical was on our table. The embellishment is an exquisite little mezzotint from the burine of our friend Sartain, after an English style engraving, entitled "The April Fool." It is decidedly the finest illustration which has appeared in the magazine since "The Pets," of last year.

As usual some of the pieces are excellent, and others only mediocre. Among the former is "An April Fool," by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. "Ben Bolt," of Miami Valley—and a sonnet by E. A. Poe, Esq. The "Journal of Julius Rodman" is continued; and the "Log of Old Ironsides" concluded with a somewhat humbastic flourish from the author, who is however a very good hunter of sea scenes.

The poetry of the number is not equal to the prose. The answer to Dr. Mitchell's Prairie song is however a pretty thing; but the fables of "The Two Friends" are merely comic, and "Cat Amilus" is positively worthless. Why do the editors publish such trash? Whenever the author of "Ben Bolt" touch a lyre, it should be consigned to Texas—anything, in short, rather than write poetry.

ERNEST DAY LIFE IN LONDON.—*Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—This is a new work by James Grant, author of Random Recollections" and although full of interesting matter, is in point of manner one of the most labored efforts we ever encountered. The description of the Penny Theatres, the Begging Letter Writers, The Police Officers of London, is full of entertaining and for those who have not visited that vast metropolis; but, at the same time, the sketches and clumsy attempts at wit; reminding us constantly of an elephant's ungainly attempts at dancing; the monstrous preludes to common anecdotes, as though the writer were constantly apologizing for his readers and himself for having undertaken the present exhibition.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.—We have this magazine before us for the present month, and very interesting it is. Some light-fingered pickpurses, we presume, abstracted it from the package on the way to our counter, for though once more at this time we used to have a very chit-chat now and then with Deutsch, yet—by the bowie of the Prophet!—we have not seen his pretty countenance these three months. Let the old fellow come this way, and though pseudonymous we are not quite Hallowe'en, yet will we find him a merry soul, and shall away with him at sweetbreads, chalcopus or kookah, day in and day out. Oh! Deutsch, Deutsch, get out pretty quick!

THE HOUSE BOOK, OR A MANUAL OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY. *By Miss Leslie. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.* This is a very useful book to house keepers, and should be in the hands of every young wife. It is not necessary to hint a word of the kind from the accomplished lady who has given this work to the world. The work reforms with clearness and minuteness into all the details of housewifery, and furnishes several hundred valuable receipts, more than one-fourths of which are original. It displays an intimate knowledge of the subject on the part of the fair author, and it will, if generally adopted, lighten the labor and care of many of our fair country women. We commend it to our female readers.

HENRY'S MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.—This publication, lately published in New York, needs its appearance punctually on the first day of the month. It is crowded with valuable information, and we think not dull, nor the former, ephemeral, nonchemical pieces which are so often seen in other magazines in this country. The leading article is "The Comparative Merits of the House Trowel," a well written paper by E. W. Stanglion, Esq. "Fraud upon Underwriters," "Suggestions on the Laying of Asphaltum," "The Progress of North America," "Laws relative to Debtor and Creditor," "Mercantile Law Reports," and Miscellaneous articles constitute the rest of the contents J. W. Seaman, Philadelphia.

THE SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS. *Lea & Blanchard.* Here is something for lovers.

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.—What words can speak so well—

It puts one such a thing as every young man should present to his ladie love, and if we hear of any young lady of our acquaintance, who has not been presented with the book, we shall set down the gentleman as a very unchivalrous person, as a man of neither taste, gallantry, or liberality: so look out, gents.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.—By Pet second—W. H. Ainsworth. The second number of this work is out, with two illustrations by that prince of designers, George Cruikshank. The exposition to laugh cannot be resisted when looking at his inimitable designs.

We will add nothing to the interest to be given by the Kinkerpan Society at the sale a of the Temperance Hall, in the Northern Liberties, on Monday evening next. The principal performers Mad. Lombardi Kitte, Messrs. Quayle, Cunningham, and R. C. Come are into well known to need comment at our hands. The choice of songs and ballads is particularly excellent: and "the Raptere Devilling," alone is worth the price of the Concert. Tickets 25 cents. We advise all to go.

SUDDEN DEATH.—A colored man, named John Roberts, employed on board a fishing smack belonging to Mr. Clump, residing a few miles below the city, on the Jersey side, died suddenly on Monday afternoon at Mr. Clump's house. He had just taken his dinner, apparently in excellent health, when he complained of being ill, and died almost instantly expired. His body was brought to the city on Tuesday for interment. The Coroner, we believe, held an inquest upon it, the verdict of the jury in accordance with the above.

AFFECTED SUICIDE.—A young man on Tuesday, attempted to cut his throat in the yard of a public house in Ches st. near

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, MARCH 28, 1840.

SENATE.—The Committee on Education, reported a bill to incorporate the Germantown Convention for promoting American Education among Germans.

The Committee on Banks, to whom was referred the petition from Harrisburg, praying for the passage of the bill lost year, reported a bill for the relief of the Harrisburg Bank.

The Senate then considered and confirmed the nomination of Thomas Ross and Hugh Lennox as Judges for judicial circuits.

The bill from the House, requiring the Governor to borrow from the U. S. Bank, one million of dollars, at 6½ per cent. was taken up, with the amendment offered by Mr. Bell, providing for redemption on the 15th January, 1841, Mr. Wm. Brown renewed his amendment to strike out the 15th January, and insert the 4th of July.

Mr. Herring then moved to insert the 1st of October, Yeas 18, nays 21. After some remarks the question was taken on the first section, and it was agreed to. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Ross presented the Report of the Committee of Conference was taken up. And the question was taken on adopting the report, and lost.

The amendment reported by the Committee to be substituted for the bill requiring the banks to resume specie payments on the first day of September next—if not then resumed to forfeit their charters—was agreed to.

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MARCH 26, 1840.

SENATE.—The Senate were in session this evening until a late hour, and engaged in the consideration of the Senate Treaty. The debate was upon but a few amendments that were before Mr. Sevier moved that the Senate again proceed to Executive business.

Mr. Buchanan has presented a joint resolution, proposing that the members of Congress remain on the first Monday of November, instead of in October. The resolution probably will pass.

The Committee of Ways and Means through Mr. Jones, its chairman reported the Senate Sub Treasury bill without an amendment. The question was on the amendment reported in the Whole on the State of the Union, but not under the order of the day for any special period

The New Jersey Question, still occupied the House.

At one o'clock the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole.

MARCH 27, 1840.

SENATE.—An important correspondence was laid before the Senate at 4 o'clock P. M. yesterday, upon the subject of the N. E. Boundary. A brief debate followed the introduction of the correspondence, and the message was referred to the Senators from Mass. and one of the Senators from Maine.

The Webster said that the correspondence which was of a grave and serious character, related to matters collateral to the original and fundamental question, and none between the two governments. It was well known to the Senate that the President in all his annual communications, had spoken of the good feeling existing between the two governments, and the confidence he had in the British Government to do justice to the U States. The same friendly expression of feeling was found in the letter of Lord Palmerston to Stevenson. While such opinions were entertained by the Government against a question merely collateral. The subject matter should be upon the main question—the treaty question —and not upon either a violation or respect of the territory of a State by a temporary occupancy of the disputed territory.

Mr. Webster was cautious in his remarks. He did not wish to create excitement, but he was not willing to see any thing done

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To Postmasters and Subscribers.

We request that Postmasters and subscribers when they order a discontinuance will give the legal notice required. A paper continued and marked "refused" is not law under the law, and will receive no attention at our hands. It is impossible for us to find the post town at which a paper is removed by the mere return of the paper, and in most if not every case of discontinuance of a paper as well as in every other case of business, we are supposed to be in the dark.

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☞ J. Gaskins has assigned his agency at Wheeling, Va. having adopted a different business. We shall appoint another in a few weeks.

GENERAL NEWS.

Attempt to Murder an Editor.—An attempt was made last week to murder Mr. Hooper Hoe Keef, a clergyman of the Methodist church, and the editor of the Mountaineer (Texas) Whig. He was writing at his table, when suddenly a gun was fired at him through the window, and one of the two balls with which it was loaded struck him in the left leg, inside of his breast. He pursued the ruffian with a pistol, and fired at him just as he was about to mount the horse, but the latter escaped.

Natchez.—The U. S. ship Brandywine on her passage to Gibraltar, boarded on the 14th November, a schooner abandoned and full of water, with loss of masts, anchors, &c. She appeared to be an Eastern vessel, Baltimore clipper built, but her name could not be ascertained. She had three stars on her stern with a coronopis for a head.

The Brandywine passed on the 1st of Nov. on her passage out to Gibraltar, a schooner out in the Atlantic dismasted. We are supposed to the same craft.

Duels in Mississippi.—When they fight duels in Mississippi, it appears that a general invitation is given to the public to be present to witness the sport. One was fought recently opposite Vicksburg, between Mr. J. A. Richardson and Mr. Murray, both of Louisville. A shot was given without effect, when the affair was suspended. A large number of the citizens were on the ground and could not hoard her.

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We publish the following letter at the request of several subscribers at Macon, (Ga.) whose names we have unadvisedly stricken from our list. Will the writer of it, or some acting agent for the Post at that place, remit the amount in his hands belonging to us, at once?

Macon, 7th March, 1840.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:

Gent:—

We have cash from time to time been monies received at Dana from you, and have written you for an explanation—but receiving no three times Post Paid—which letters we authorised you to publish, in which we stated we had post master's receipt in full, for the amount of the papers from this place—one of the undersigned has paid in advance for another year, and the other against which we have sent a bill for some months or eight dollars has paid up to within a few months of the time you stopped his paper. If you receive this, please to publish it, as that if we have paid to an agent not authorised, we may get the money and pay it to the right owner.

Yours Respectfully,

Thomas P. Bryans,
A. Sconas.

[From the Philadelphia Exchange Books.]

GREAT FIRE.—LOUISVILLE (KY.) IN FLAMES!—We are indebted to a friend for the following extract of a letter, dated

"Louisville, (Ky.) March 27, 1840.

"This day will be remembered as one of the most disastrous fires I ever remember, except the great fire I was in New York. It originated in Main street, between Second and Third, in a large four story building at its course on both sides, up and down, to Market street. It is still raging (4 A. M.) with unabated fury. They are pulling down houses in order to stop the progress of the fire. The Louisville Bank, a very fine building, will not be saved.

"At seven o'clock, A. M. the fire is still raging; the Bank in out of danger. One whole block of buildings in the most business part of the city destroyed to the ground. Thirteen steam engines are employed about it, owing to the liquor which has been emptied out of some of the stores. The heat by which I write is intense. I have been in Savannah, but never experienced such a heat as this morning. I must momentarily close this account."

The New Comet.

The discovered in Germany by Encke, and in Cincinnati (Ohio) Daily Herald of the 21st ult. This comet was discovered by Mr. Galle, at Berlin, in the early part of last February. A description of it with the elements of the orbit was published in Schumacher's Astronomical Journal at Hamburgh. A copy, according to the Philadelphia Gazetteer—which is by the way, the only one in the city—was forwarded to a gentleman of that city, and by him translated, and sent to Professor Kendall, of Washington, Mr. Hubbard, and Prof. Espy, of Philadelphia, on the 19, 20, and 21st. The following are the elements in his possession. The result is below.

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Longitude of perihelion	81° 32' 46"
Longitude of ascending node	335 20 31
Inclination of the orbit	56 42 37
Perihelion distance	1 24 287
Motion retrograde.	

From these data, I immediately computed the comet's present place, and waited impatiently for an opportunity to look for it through the stars and my own computations. The first clear evening was on Wednesday the 18th, when on finding the telescope I immediately discovered the comet nearly in the place assigned it. It was faint, but brightest in the central parts: resembling a small nebula, nearly circular; and from the elements I computed its motion was exceedingly ill-defined. It could only be seen in a dark tract. At 8 o'clock the Right Ascension and Declination were as follows: on 22 degrees 49' 36" north, which is but about ten minutes from the star Alpha Aritetis, and nearly the same declination: the place where it was first discovered by Mr. Galle.

Last evening the 19th, at about the same hour as the night before, I found the comet in the declination 22 degrees 17' 14." Its Right ascension then is increasing 1m. 42s. daily, and its declination diminishing 28' 22" daily. From these data, observers will have no difficulty in following it for some time to come. It has never been visible to the naked eye, and as it is now moving rapidly from the earth and sun, it never can be visible without a telescope. A good clear observer of two inches aperture would have a full possessing the secret of the country. Mr. Galle's construction of the comet is taken off, and the of millions of dollars making their spring operations with the Treasury.

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Hudson Observatory, March 20, 1840.

Steamboat Travel, Accidents, &c.—It appears that the number of miles navigated by steam vessels connected with the port of New York, in five years ending 31st Dec. 1839, was 1,937,750, with 83 collisions and 1,776,650 passengers, of whom 36, or one in 1105,311, lost their lives. Twelve accidents occurred.

During the five years ending at the close of 1839, the estimated number of miles run was 316,000, with an aggregate of 9,419,200 passengers. Number of accidents 5. Lives lost 17 or one in 151,351.

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The Sun Gone.—The New York Courier says: there is no small reason to believe that the planet lately discovered by the exploring expedition, as under to the U. S. Sloop of war Vincennes, has been lost, and that all on board have perished. It has been but a few hours passed almost the month of June last. The Purpose has been taken in search of her without success. Lieutenants Read and Hunter, two promising young officers, were on board.

A Quick Trip.—The steamboat Queen of the West recently made a very short trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back. The Gazette says:

The Queen was four days and six hours on her way from Louisville to New Orleans and six days and twelve hours on her return. Her entire trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back, was made in fourteen days and twenty-five hours.

Statue of Washington.—Greenough's splendid marble statue of Washington on horseback is now ready for shipment from Italy. The old bronze affair now in the centre of the Rotunda will probably be thrown into the Tiber, as Mr. Greenough supposes is the chief reason why that has been sent abroad. A marble pedestal of the fast is asked for, to place the figure upon, and the whole expenses will approach $100,000.

Happiness, the Lord of Life.—The other Paper, of Burnsthill, Chilson, from Richmond, with cargo of flour, tobacco, and staves, bound to Liverpool, was driven ashore about 10 miles to the southward of Cape Henry on Wednesday night last. The storm was so violent that the crew were compelled to take themselves to the rigging, in which situation the mate, Mr. A. Young, of Harwich, (Mass.) and the cook perished.

Melancholy.—An only daughter of General Eaton, a resident of Hartford, (Conn.) returned from Armstrong Co.) was drowned in the river at Harrisburg on Friday, having slipped into the river while playing with some children. The House adjourned out of respect to the afflicted mother.

Murder.—A man named Dunn, has been committed to the jail of Orleans, for the murder of an individual named John Blair. Blair it appears, was found in illicit intercourse with Dunn's wife. Dunn, after having confessed the fact to the house, fell upon him with a club, to drive him out, and inflicted several blows, which killed Blair.

Shipwreck.—We learn from the Charleston papers, that the British ship Flora, from St. Johns, N. B., for Savannah, was wrecked on the 22d ult. on the Bay point Shoals. The crew of the Cape-Fear pilot boat succeeded in saving two of the crew, leaving the captain and nine men still on board the wreck.

The Seneca Treaty.—The treaty with the Seneca Indians in the State of New York, for their removal to the far West, has been ratified and confirmed by the Senate. By this treaty the Senecas will receive something more than one million five hundred thousand acres of land, being their present reservations, for such sum, and about four hundred thousand dollars in annuities.

From Yucatan.—The brig. Elida Ann, arrived at New Orleans on the 12th, with dates from Sisal to the 3d ult. The Indians was reported at Tampico on the 1st, that the entire State of Yucatan excepting the small town of Campeachy, had declared themselves free and of the Central party. The Elida Ann brought $16,641 in specie.

Fracas in Buffalo.—A young lawyer in Buffalo, named Yale, undertook to chastise an editor of that place in a cane. The latter drew a pistol to protect himself, but, being more accustomed to flourishing a pen, shot himself through the hand. The lawyer then took up his cane, cracked him soundly and then left him to his reflections.

Letter.—The Stephen Whitney packet ship, brought in Liverpool paper of March 3d. The Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha has intimated that he will not refuse his daughter Victoria to the Duke of Nemours, because of the rejection of the donation for the latter by the French Chambers.

Another Dreadful Shipwreck.—A Portland brig, with a cargo of Molasses, struck on Minot's Ledge, lately, and her top mast fell over which the Captain and two men were carried ashore at Scituate, and four men were drowned. The vessel and cargo a total loss.

Death of a Rhinoceros.—The Rhinoceros belonging in the Zoological Institute, New York, and valued by its owners at $15,000, died last week in consequence of injuries sustained in a fight with the big elephant on Tuesday night week.

Steamboat Accident.—The steamboat Bunker Hill, which left New York on Tuesday last for New Haven, during a storm, was struck by a squall, and lost some things, and has to run ashore to keep her from sinking. Her passengers returned to the city the same night. She passed two sloops capsized.

A Pleasant Trip.—An opportunity to visit St. Anthony's Falls, on the Upper Mississippi, in May next, is now offered to the public. The steamer Columbian will leave Galena for that region on the 5th of May. A mere agreeable jaunt could not be taken.

Manufactures.—A Florida paper of the 7th inst. announces that the blood-hounds have been made to capture five Indians; or in other words, have done more than the whole army has achieved lately.

Return of the Exploring Expedition.—The U. S. ship Relief, one of the exploring expedition, arrived at New York on Saturday, from Sydney, New South Wales. She has been absent about 18 months, having sailed in August, 1838.

Fire Accident.—On Thursday afternoon Henry Mountain, a hand on board the ship Mississippi, lying in the East River, New York, accidentally fell into the hold of that vessel and broke his back.

Steamboat.—Gregoire Costiel, a Spaniard, was committed to prison on the 14th, at New Orleans, for dangerously stabbing another, named Joseph Cruz, with a Canadian hunter's knife, in a groggery which he had a deadly enmity.

Fires in Ohio.—From one to two thousand barrels of superfine flour, have been offered at Cincinnati, Ohio, to be delivered at Zanesville, at $2,50 per barrel.

A Veteran.—The Boston Daily Advertiser says:—"We understand that Deacon John Whitney, of Roxbury, who has labored upon his car one hundred and ninety years this day, in good health.

Counterfeits.—List 307.—Cumberfolt Ten Dollar Bills on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company are in circulation, in New York.

Asphaltum.—The good people of St. Louis are trying an experiment in street paving with Asphaltum.

Wm. Daniel and Isaac Morgan, citizens of Illinois, were drowned in the Mississippi, a few days ago, by their canoe.

Desperate Attack.—A man named Denis O'Connor, was recently injured very severely by some ruffians at Savannah.

Hydrostatic Steam Boat.—Professor Espy reached New Orleans on the 14th. Weather stormy!

Ohio Canvas.—The Legislature of Ohio have instructed against the formation of the west of State Government from Columbus.

Cheap.—Will pigeons are selling in the Buffalo market at 50 cents a dozen.

Drowned—below par.—Thirty nine citizens of Maryland Legislature.

Murdered.—A man named Terrone Dunn, has been arrested at New Orleans, charged with murder.

Spy or War.—The Swedish ship of war, "Nimble" of 16 guns, arrived at New York on Friday, from Leghorn.

Messrs.—The Hartford, Conn. Courant of Saturday says: An Irishman, of the name of John Buck, who lived on the banks of the river, above the Great Bridge, killed his wife yesterday by inflicting several blows on her head with an axe, and afterward used of her clothes. He subsequently attempted to destroy his own life by jumping into the river, but he was got out after a short time. He is now in jail. The deceased left five children to mourn her loss.

Separation.—The

THE OLIO.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Departure of Spring Flowers.

The happy season of early days,
How often do they come,
And pass away in hours of joy,
To us no longer known.

The flowers of spring, how soon they come!
Their odors to restore
To the parched lips and fainting hearts
That long for them of yore.

The joyous birds that tuned their lays
Are scattered here and there. MARY ANN.

Descending of a cold night.

The Hampton says the cold night and cold calves' pudding which it ate, standing five feet above zero, or six feet, and stout in proportion, can be justified in it, in front of a house of a kind cold night, singing little ditties in his "Alpine Agora," and accompanying himself on a frozen patriot. We need not have either making himself miserable in cold way a happy and healthful. Amidst, all the while, the object of his affections sojourn but pretty soon from under the cover, no [illegible] things, and that thing at his side, was making a jolly of himself on her account. Of a cold warm night, it is well enough; but when old Jack Frost is about, we think a comfortable fire preferable. Still our young friend is to stupid as to suppose that the girls will leave their warm beds of a bitter cold night to hear the pleading of their suitors' lips, and breathing of the heart through chattering teeth? Fudge! hops, keep at home until the season of flowers come round again—and then we'll have music and romance plenty.

Gumption.

Git and get, signify more possession; as, Have you got a knife? instead of Have you a knife.

Hesden't ought, for right and wrong.

Git out, for go away, is very vulgar.

Hold on, for wait or stop, is very vulgar.

If, for though; as, I feel as if it were so.

So or so, is awkwardly introduced; as, He did it so to, for, he so did it so to.

Consciously, for the consciously. The word has not become incorporated so as to admit of being used without the article. It is proper as an expression in society, but not proper to say, opposite to consciously.

Pack, for carry; as pack by wealth.

Such a large, for so large a; as, Such a large company, for so large a company. Such and a ought to be separated.

Phenomena—one fact.—If a piece of wood which floats on the water be forced down to a great depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be so severe, that a quantity of water will be forced into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight that it will be no longer capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timbers of ships, which have foundered in a deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface, like those which are sunk near the shore. A diver going with his usual privilege to certain depths in the sea, but there is a limit beyond which he could not have under the pressure to which he is subject. For this reason it is probable that there is a depth below which fishes cannot live. They have, according to Jurkin, been brought to a depth at which they must have sustained a pressure of forty tons to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

Indian Mourner son.—Their mode of "saving medicine," to use their own term, is this:

The sick man is laid upon a bed of skins and blankets, elevated from the ground, and surrounded by a ranged framework of bows boards. Upon this frame two, three, or four relations place themselves, and commence chanting, in a low voice, a kind of long-drawn, sighing song. Each holds a neat stick, of about five feet long, in his hand, with which he beats upon the framework, and keeps accurate time with the music. After a few minutes the song begins to increase in loudness and quickness, a corresponding force and celerity being given to the stick, until, in a short time, the mass almost become deafening, and any one not used to many instances to accelerate the exit of him whom it is their intention to benefit.

Strange that men cannot smile.—It is a wonder that man ever smiles; for there is something so strange and awful in the lonely uncertainty of our fate—in the atmosphere of darkness and uncertainty that surrounds our existence—in the unfathomable questions, corresponding fearful and eternity being given to the stick, until, in a short time, the mass almost becomes deafening, and any one not used to many instances to accelerate the exit of him whom it is their intention to benefit.

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"Light is the turf o' thy tomb!
May its verdure like emerald be!
There should not be the shadow of clouds
In the land of the immortals o' thee."

Awaking from my reverie, I beheld the weary moon waning in the west, and reflecting thro' her vistal lamp, her serene and silvered lights around the earth. The refulgent stars, piercing the imperial Heavens, were keeping their mighty vigils. The hungry wolf, finishing his darksome prowl, had retired to rest, and the lonely sea-bird had sought the shore. A solemn and sublime stillness reigned all. All nature slumber'd.—save the fastidious nightingale, the melody of whose fairy notes called at a deeper gloom to the mind which was already much saddened by the recollection of those departed friends whom I adored.

Albert ruminated by the lateness of the hour to return, there seemed to be a melancholy sweetness about that spot, which caused me still to linger. There was a charm in the strangeness of the place, which I believed by a thousand fond recollections of my childhood." Though unwilling, I at length directed my course homewards, and as the grand and impatient tread of my horse re-echoed thro' the stillness of night, O! how I wished it had been the voice of some congenial friend to whom, unbidding the beast, I could tell its sad tale—At'd a deeper gloom to the mind which was already much saddened by the recollection of those departed friends whom I adored.

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Oh! gentle reader, would you ask why "Mount-ing a Black Horse" should excite such melancholy feelings in one who is just blooming into manhood? I would answer—It was my Child-hood's home. Yes there, in the lone arms of parents: there I first felt for them, that love, life's first keen glory—pure and holy love; there there, in the dawn of my boyhood, they watched each little feature as it gradually ripened into conscious existence—like the Eagle its young, when they began to fix it gaze upon the Heaven high arch: There there I first knew myself, my friends, my childhood's friends. In, brief, there I first knew all, all of whom I speak in the pages before this himself.

In that chimera I could call to mind the confidence of propitious cities, the tottering and unpeopled of Kingdoms and Empires, the blazing end of Dynasties. But there were all unwelcome thoughts—none so grateful as that which I had then in the day for a moment the end, when I spent my Halcyon Days.

From this sad retrospection, I was naturally led to contemplate the future, where all was dark, clouded, and unchanged, till my thoughts lighted upon the glorie's of an Immortality. Ah! in that vista, although I saw my mother, whose triumphant absence of soul, that weaned here each affections. I thought I beheld, with a rainbow-hope of meeting her, wreathe with the garland of religion, and chasing more bright than diamonds of oriental mire. Home home! How sweet the voice that breathes, and the air that echoes the sound! What a tender tie was that mighty spirit nerve'fully wasted and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.—Thomas Carlyle's Miscellanies.

Fatnes easily repaid began affection, fonnes beyond return engender hatred.

Whatever has been, is—says Carlyle.

"Let me not hush this note of the past,
This passing song the dearest and the last,
And kneel to plant o'er the home of joy
The tree it raised, the cypress of Troy."

Now, dear reader, having thus shrouded myself upon your notice and assayed to narrate some of "what nothing is" Nothing of Book-place" (although which I now take my leave. And if what I have said should tend to awaken in your bosom one enlivening thought, or a single thanking tear for the memory of those blissful hours, I have not written only to

"Caroline, cimelion, cimelion infancy"

I will have reached the most sanguine expectations of its author.—

Gulmerd Hopkins.

Montgomery, Ala. January 27th, 1849.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Sonnet.

My Daughter, star thou chosen for rule,
One that remains in the array
To be the guide to the world,
Of one so distant, Daughter, say?

Say, with thou leave thy kindred band,
And all that once to thee was dear,
To go with him to wild, strange lands,
Where Wo and Sorrow dwelleth and Fear?

But Oh! hast thou counted Him,
Who lives and rules, and reigns on high,
And is His loving arm the prop
On which alone thou dost rely?

Oh! then, if it is Heaven's decree,
And thou hast found that all is right,
Let not a moment escape from me
Without a prayer to Him for thee.

But mark, oh mark, the Point of pine,
The kingdom's ruler of power is Reserve.
For there the blessed prayer is

"All things needful shall be given."

Send not your needs not much to Earth,
Lest Earth's dust cover your Heaven too,
Remember oft thou pleasing truth
To rise and raise thy prayer more.

Then when the heavenly indulgences comes
You may a free submission find.
For where there is free submission,
There smiles bright Hope with peace of mind.

May Heaven's blessings ever rest,
Attend your habitation there.
May you with friends and peace be blest.
And oft with Heaven's favor share.

When in these hours of sweet content,
Oh! turn your thoughts in Home mid dear,
To one who feels that kindness,
Remember her in every Prayer.

Then so. 1849. 1846. E. P.

Suggestions of Socrates.

The late gallant Decatur was a suiter to the very heart's core, and loved to tell anecdotes of the concerns suiters. I recollect one which he used to relate, to the following purport: In one of the actions before Tripoli, while fighting hand to hand with the Captain of a gun-boat, Decatur saw his enemy being cut down by a sailor who lurked him behind. A seaman, named Reuben James, who was already wounded in both hands, seeing the risk of his commander, rushed to his assistance, and in the act of his upliftedness his own head. Fortunately, the honest fellow survived to receive his reward. Some time afterward, when he had recovered of his wounds, Decatur sent for him on deck, expressed his gratitude for his self-devotion, in presence of the crew, and told him he was to be promoted. The honest tar pulled up his waistband, and rolled his quid, but seemed utterly at a loss what reward to ask. His modesty was equal to his courage. His messmates gathered round him, nudging him with their elbows, and whispering in his ear: "He had all the world in a string, and could get what he pleased;" "who old ship was round deep enough for him?" "Only name this thing, another that; "double pay," "double allowance," "a boat-swain's birth" "a pocket full of money, and a full discharge," and so forth. But these things all aside, and would have none of their counsel. After mature deliberation, he announced the reward which he coveted; and it was to be excused from rolling up the hammock clothes! The whimsical request was of course granted: but from that time forward whenever the sailors were piped to mess every hear Reuben James's name was to be seen loitering around, and looking on, with the most gentlemanlike leisure. He always contrived to be present at the mast, and to be on hand, and fastening or feeling but that of "seeing his friends and open hats to free." A neophyte in the service of Cupid could tell us that this passion, which longed for fame and immortality. A type in the chimera. I had no ambition which extended to the fame which a father aspired to, the rector's "easy gaiter." A stranger in the glowing passions, fancy ever pictured to me a fairy future, peopling it with the friends who there surrounded me in my boyhood. But now I return changed in all those respects. Since then I have seen my father sent a lie devoted to his children. My mother, whose love was the love of God, and next of the waywardness of my childhood, has also paid the debt that all must pay—

"Are you tired, my son, of my long lecture this evening?"

"No sir! I hope you have some more tales, father."

"Well, if you wish it, I will now tell you a story of perseverance in humble life.

"Some years ago, there lived in the province of the queen of German emigrants to pay for their passage across the Atlantic, by allowing the captain of the ship to sell their services for a term of years, to the highest bidder. This, though of first sight it appears harsh treatment, was, in fact, the only way in which many poor but honest and destitute adventurers, a home in a strange land; and so they were pleased upon the principle of compulsion, they were sure to be provided for by the lord of their adopted country. These poor people were usually styled 'Redemptioners;' and many a good servant was obtained from among them. When the term of service had expired, found himself sufficiently well acquainted with the language and manners of the country to begin the world for himself. Such was the case in the spring of 17—, a ship-load of these emigrants arrived in New York, and among them was a little boy, whose name was Christopher Adams, at the age of twelve years, determined to seek his fortune in the new world. His bold bearing, fresh complexion and merry blue eye, seemed to indicate by purchaser, and Yankee left the ship, quite happy in the idea, that for the next ten years, he was sure of his food and clothes, and a shelter from the storm, which was more than he had appointed when he found that he was expected to act as cabin-boy to his master, who was a sea captain, and that to attain the rank of a man in the new country then he could discern while accompanying him to the shore to be provided with a hammock and bed. Mr. Rudolph was a man of happy temper, and whatever might have been his natural temper, he entered upon his duties with cheerfulness and alacrity. The captain was a rough, passionate man, whose irascibility was severely felt by the whole crew, but especially by the boys on board of his ship, who always had to endure the brunt of his anger. Mr. Rudolph's fortitude was as remarkable as his cheerfulness, and his unfailing good temper often disarmed his master's wrath.

"The ship was bound to Antigua, and had already accomplished more than half her voyage, when she was overtaken by a violent storm. The skill of the captain was exerted in vain, the sails were torn to ribands, the masts broken or rendered useless, and the crew, consisting of scarcely more than half a dozen men, were driven to the pumps. The storm raged for nearly three days and nineteen feet long and six broad, which they had scarcely entered when the vessel went to pieces. Of the whole crew, only three were saved, and these were picked up by a passing vessel, after the mercy of the winds and waves, hopeless of succor.

"Their small stock of provisions and water, though husbanded with the greatest care, was at length exhausted, and the expiration of seventeen days all had perished from famine, except three persons. The captain, the cook and Adams were the only survivors, and their sufferings were beyond description. Their throats were frightfully swollen from their attempts to swallow the salt water which surrounded them, their tongues and parched with thirst, and their emaciated bodies were reduced to a state of infant helplessness. Driven to madness by their misery, the captain sought to quench his thirst with sea-water; but this only increased his agony, and he died raving mad. The cook, who was a native of Madagascar, Rudolph discovered that the captain had died in the night, and that he was the sole survivor of the crew. But his courage did not forsake him, and he was, in the end, able to make the land, or else fall in with some ship. His situation was a fearful one. Alone on the wide sea, without a sail or chart, food or drink, he had begun to give up in despair, and prayed to the God of the fatherless, he felt that he was not quite deserted. Some hazarding his life to board one of the wrecks, and succeeded in obtaining a few pounds of bread, which he dropped into the water, and kept by him, and at length, after many days, he descried a vessel standing directly for him. On digging the crop, from the fine hills, his obedient and faithful boy stood patiently by, and by the best modes of their management—the agency of air, heat, light, and moisture in preparing vegetable food, in the processes of vegetable nutrition and digestion, and the causes of diseases, and the means of their prevention, and the cultivation or rejecting their agency—all these are matters which cannot apply within the province of agriculture. They are mere knowledge he has in three matters, the more likely he is to succeed. His mind is not vacant, and capable of any thing, but if to his own, he was told the observations and experiences of hundreds of others, in his particular business, so observing and intelligent as himself, he must certainly be able to profit greatly by it, and to advance in improvement.

Labor is not, in fact, incompatible with study; but, as the contrary, it is necessary to it. Labor is necessary, to the development of the faculties of the mind; and where study and labor are directed to the same object, as they may be in agriculture, they tend particularly to stimulate, and to give pleasure and profit to each other. Many of the most scientific and useful men in the improvement of society have been such as have prosecuted their studies while daily laboring in their professional business. Among those, of our country, who have been distinguished as a very able and learned man was Franklin, Richardson, Fulton, Sherman, &c., who were all hard-working men, and who greatly improved their minds, while they daily labored with their hands.

To be continued.

Dr. Aaron's Death.

Dr. Aaron's death.—The manner of Dr. Aaron's death was very singular. The day after his decease his intimate friend, Vernon, the favorite singing actor of Drury-Lane Theatre, came into the room; soon, and in my presence and hearing, he said, "Dr. Aaron is dead!" The subject of music with the doctor, who suffered much from exhaustion, when, in attempting to illustrate what he had advanced, he sang a very able and tremulous voice sung part of an air, during which he became progressively more faint, and, with the words, "I am dying," expired like an infant. For this at No. 19 North Eighth st.

Goethe says, that every one hides within himself something, which, if known, would make others hate him.

Philadelphia Infirmary for Diseases of the Skin, Eye, and Ear. Wm. Young, M. D. attending physician for the Skin, Eye, and Ear Diseases.

Office, No. 19 North Eighth st. Philadelphia, under that expression, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at 2 o'clock. Dr. Young's experience, during the above period, has been very extensive, having treated upwards of 3000 cases of diseases of the Skin, Eye, and Ear, and he has the satisfaction of stating that in the majority of cases he has effected a cure. Dr. Young has also discovered the remedy to an alarming degree, hereto-fore considered incurable, viz: Cancer in the Eye, and Tumor. Those of every description, however old or large, he has cured by the application of a vegetable remedy, as well as the diseases which the Eye and Ear are subject to.

Dr. Young's principal object in entering on the practice of medicine was to remedy the defects of the eye, and to relieve the afflicted from the use of spectacles, to those particular diseases for the last ten years, and it is with pleasure he can state that he has been successful in consequence arising from the use of the common and injurious practice of using spectacles, which, in the majority of instances, are the cause of the most distressing diseases of the eye, by not locally applying the remedy to the diseased part.

Dr. Young's principal practice is in the Eye, Ear, and Skin Diseases, and he would refer to the following cases of which, after a few weeks, has been brought on by the use of spectacles, and which, by the use of the remedy used by Dr. Young